

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1872.

NOTICE.

Those of our advertisers who desire changes made in their advertisements, must hand in copy on Monday morning next.

All communications, either of an editorial or kind, new character, should be addressed to HIRTON & CAMPBELL, Post Office, 18th Street, Ky.

All correspondence, except advertising, subscription or job work, will be sent to checks, post-office money order or express, as will be at the parties own risk.

Journal books to be had at the office, address to W. H. Anderson, at the Aldine, address to subscribers, and receive all notices for the same.

FOR ADVERTISING.—Address to W. H. Anderson, Post Office, 18th Street, Ky.

FOR pure Cider Vinegar, of the best quality, go to W. H. Anderson.

LOCAL BREVIETIES.

Wild geese are on the wing—cold weather's coming.

Mr. Wren, the small-pox patient, is in a very critical condition. No new case.

FROM HUSTONVILLE.

FROM PULASKI COUNTY.

HUSTONVILLE, KY., Nov. 27, 1872.

Correspondence Interior Journal:

Epinote Raging—Another Recruit in the Turkey Campaign—A Science Discussion.

At last we are isolated, sequestered, separated from "all the world and the rest of mankind." The epo-e-oile holds the winning cards, and plays them relentlessly. Remember we have no railroad, and Thomas has put his stage-houses in hospital. Jim Murphy no longer enlivens our village with his gaudy presence and our only boast—the test, the most accommodating, the most gentlemanly stage conductor on the broad green earth—is gone.

Thanks for your hint last week. We have great faith in the JOURNAL, and enlist in the "Turkey War." We will risk our lives, and pledge our credit, and compromise our sacred honor—for the Turkey campaign. Already our individual selves have two famous soldiers (poisoned no master how), supinely on their backs, with their feet in their breeches pockets.

The town talk is epo-e-oile—dull times—sausages and spruce riles—Library drawings—Burnett—Congress—cheap goods.

The property which was purchased for Elmer H. T. Anderson, died, will be sold at public auction on next County Court day.

Mr. Burnett says that "old chums" of his ought to pay double price for a ticket to his exhibition as evidence of good will, and not return it.

If he is not paid, he will give up his seat.

Mr. Nash was only penning Mrs. Canfield, and not some of our lady friends, as they supposed; therefore no harsh feelings should be entertained towards her.

If men in this vicinity could comprehend the situation, they could immortalize themselves in the performance of their duty. Eggs are bringing a price.

The passenger train from Louisville was delayed several hours on Saturday and Monday last. Mr. Burnett said "sooty" caused it. Alas, for him, he was on board.

There are several members of the ancient and earned "Frolicsome—Oyster Club" in our town we regret to say. As a remedy we would suggest that the ladies organize a "Come Home Husband Club," composed of a broom-handle minus broom.

Somebody says "Babies are Organs without stops." That reminds us of an incident which occurred at the "show" the other night. While Sharpless was imitating a church organ, one of those everlasting "home organs" opened with its diapason.

It was very natural for young couples to lose their way in returning home from the lecture on Monday and Tuesday night; last as the darkness was blackness intensified; therefore we make no comments on what we heard—not saw—on the way home.

The admixture of various pollen plays some fantastic tricks with our Indian maize with other vegetation. Mr. Jonathan Oswald has left with us an ear of corn of which about one-half is red, and the other white, and altogether presenting a pied and singular appearance.

The pike between our town and Hall's Gap is usually in need of repair, that one feels as if he is being rabbed when he pays toll upon it. Thus while duty is to keep our toll roads, we should see to it that such repairs be made upon the road as the many bad places demand.

The freight train going south was wrecked at St. Mary's on Saturday morning last by a mislaid switch, which delayed the passenger train until a late hour; and on Monday last the boiler of the passenger train coming north was disabled near Gravel Switch, and the train did not arrive until 5:30.

Mr. J. W. Williams' adventures in another column his large and centrally located hotel in Hustonville. We know nothing of the stand in a financial point of view, but we do know that Hustonville is a thriving place, and the people, clever, responsible and enterprising. Who wants a good hotel?

The economical and cautious expedient of walking to town to avoid the dreadful epidemic will save all farmers nothing. Mr. Jacob Higgins has a mule affected with this bugaboo, and that no without having been exposed. Jake calls it the hydrophobia, which is almost as correct as the misnomer epo-e-oile.

We ask the special attention of farmers to a communication from "Farmer," in another column on sub-sowing. If our farmers would use our paper as a medium for communicating their experiments, what a world of valuable and useful knowledge would be derived from it of special interest to the tillers of the soil.

Our energetic friend John S. Hughes has returned to our midst after an extended business tour through the blue grass region of Kentucky, in the interest of J. M. Robinson & Co., Louisville, Kentucky. If any one man can succeed in building up a trade for a Louisville house among a people who are prepossessed against him, it is Hughes. He is a young man of brilliant talents and an able, incisive newspaper writer. We hope he will find a location suited to his wishes.

Matrimonial.

In DANVILLE—On the 19th inst., by Rev. W. F. Jenkins, Dr. J. D. PEUMETT, of Nashville, Tenn., to Miss ELIAS J. SWOFF, daughter of J. B. SWOFF, Esq.—On Tuesday, 26th inst., Mr. G. L. CHRISTIAN, of Independence, Mo., to Miss LOTTIE S. DUKE, daughter of W. S. Duke.—On the 21st inst., Mr. W. C. GREENSTEAD, of Parkside, to Miss FANNIE CALDWELL, daughter of G. S. Caldwell.

MADISON COUNTY.—On the 12th inst., ISAAC D. TOOD to CYNTIA A. TODD.—On the 13th inst., LANCER F. COYLE to SUSAN M. HENDERSON.—On the 14th inst., JEFFERSON STONE to SARAH ANN THORNBERRY.—On the 15th inst., LANCER F. COYLE to ELIZABETH LOUGH.—On the 16th inst., JOHN E. GREENSTEAD to MISS ANNIE BURRY.—On the 19th inst., P. M. POPE to MISS JOSEPHINE RICE.—Same day, A. PEARSON, of Lexington, Ky., to MISS MATTIE STOCH, of Richmond.

The Burnett Performances.

It does not happen every day that one gets so fully the worth of one's money as we have had at the two entertainments given by Mr. Burnett and his assistants, Miss Nash and Mr. Sharpless, on Monday and Tuesday nights, last. Mr. B.'s excellence is needless to say anything; he is too well known and recognized as one of the very best of living humorists; and as an actor in fetal confections stands since the death of Winchell, without a rival upon the comic stage. Miss Nash is a lady of rare attainments in dialogue acting and elocutionary condition, which are the more attractive by reason of a person of unusual elegance and good looks. Of Mr. Sharpless' performances upon the concerns it were impossible to speak in extravagant terms; it is simply wonderful. He evokes from this little instrument such sound of sweet sounds as we deemed it incapable of. We doubt if Vicentino or Tosca could produce from their renowned crescendo more striking strains than sweetly thrilled us from this single octagonal instrument under the touch of this incomparable master. The exquisite pathos of his rendition of "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," would have touched the coarsest nature. And altogether this whole performance of this gifted trio is a first class one, and we congratulate Springfield, whither they go from here, on the treat in store for her people.

Death of D. M. Lyon.

This old citizen-farmer, so long a resident of our county, died of pneumonia a few days since, after returning from the South, whither he had gone with a lot of mules. His death will be seriously mourned by all who knew him. He was a man of high honor and integrity, and to his stricken family we tender our sincere sympathy.

W. H. ANDERSON keeps refined Sewing Machine oils.

Epizootic.

This is the absorbing topic of conversation, and nobody wonders at its being so, for the malady seems to be universal, and great trouble is experienced from the loss of horses from the every day business of life.

The premium Cider vinegar at \$20 in the art stores. It is decidedly the best and choice of all our American monthlys. Call on the agent, Mr. A. B. Penny, and subscribe for the Aldine, and you will never regret the amount of "horse-medicine."

The Aldine.

We published last week the prospectus of this excellent journal, and neglected to express our opinion of it. Pure literature cannot be found in the world, nor a higher work of art. The engravings are above the worth of the monthly, which is \$5 per annum.

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